

A

REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, June 19. 1707.

I am now returned to my first Subject, and the Application is just the same, not the Wickedness and criminal Part of our Breaches, so much as on the Folly and Impertinence of them; not that Strife is not to be avoided on all Occasions, as most fatally pernicious in its Meaning, tho' GOD be prais'd, not so dangerous as formerly; but as 'tis a ridiculous, inconsistent and most absurd Piece of Folly, and on this Account it merits to be a little expos'd, and that in its Infancy before it gets any Ground in the Minds of Men, or covers the Age with the Mists and Darknes of Party-Distraktion.

I would be glad to hear, any of the Fomenters of ancient Discords, the Preachers up of irreconcilable Differences tell us now what they have to say, that us'd to cry out, that every true Son of the Church must lift

up a bloody Banner of Defiance against his Brethren, that were always painting *Dissenters*, and *Scots Kirks*, in Fools Coats to be laugh'd at, in Knaves Coats to be mebb'd, and in Devils Coats to fright the World at their Pictures; in those times they had Pretences for these things, they had old radiated Prejudices, the wicked Remains of civil Broils, and the Blood and Ravages of the Ages past, things we had no hand in, and ought to have nothing to do with; they had the Encouragements of a debauch'd, ignorant and abominable Court, that had the Nations Destruction in their View, their unbounded Lusts in compleat Meridian, the Spirit of Tyranny in their Heads, and the Devil at their Elbows: To gild these Poysons, they had the empty, senseless, inconsistent Sham of Danger to the Church to impose upon the Ignorant, terrifie the Devout,

vout, excite the Furious, and banter the World with.

These were the blessed Assistants of those Gentlemen, that to the last Extremity kept up our civil Breaches, that continued the Nations Miseries, that push'd Governors upon their own Destruction, and Government it self into Convulsions and all Manner of Confusion; **Blessed** Company this was for the Sons of the Prophets to be seen in, and happy Times that any of the sacred Office should wish for again.

What Distractions these things brought upon *England*, are well known, and had not the People of *England* been wise enough and brave enough to cast this Hellish Yoke off, and break these Bands, GOD Almighty only knows, whither things would have gone, and to what they might have brought us in *England*!

Indeed, if we look into *Scotland*, sad Havock has been made by that very Party, and a dismal History remains of those Times of Blood, in which these mad Men reign'd; a long Account of which I may hereafter take up these Papers about.

We have not far to seek among these People, to find out what they a'm'd at, and they discover'd it plain enough themselves.

But **NOW**, what shall we say to them, or what can they say for themselves; their own Church has forsaken them, or rather they have forsaken the Principles of the Church; the Church of *England* disowns Prosecution as Anti-christian, and protests against it as contrary to her own Doctrine and Principles; and in spight of all our Convocation-Feuds and lower-house Frenzies, the Church of *England* has concurr'd in the mutual Stipulations of Church Security with the *Presbyterian* Church of *Scotland*, and mutual Postulata of Security by a Law of Liberty to *Dissenters* in *England*.

And **NOW**, I would fain hear, I say now, what these People can say, why we should have any more Feuds now? To quarrel before, was ill-natur'd and unkind, but now 'tis Madness and Nonsense; every Part have their respective establish'd Conditions of Settlement; every Part have their Bounds to defend, and the Law is their Guarantee; they cannot invade one another, but they

must fly in the Face of civil Authority; they cannot disturb the Peace of one another, but they break the civil Peace, and embark the Magistrate against them.

And what's become now of all the old Zeal for Government and Authority? Where's the Loyalty and Obedience, where the submitting to Power as the Ordinance of GOD, and for Conscience, where the sacred Command of the Prince, which we were so often told to reaſt, was Damnation? 'Tis strange, these *Whiggs* and *Phanticks* are become the only Loyal People on a sudden, and the Loyal Gentlemen are become factious—The Command of the Sovereign, which we have been told both from Pulpit and Press, was absolute, and not to be resisted upon any Account; how comes it to lose that Veneration, which these Gentlemen told us once we ought to have for it?

If there be any Difference in the Commands of Authority, as to what they are now, and what they were about 25 Year ago, it is, that now the Commands of GOD and the Commands of the Government ex-

correspond, and then they were Contraries in the extreme: The Commands of the Government are now subservient to, then they insulted and prophan'd the Laws of GOD. 'Tis strange, Gentlemen, that this Change should bring to pass the Effect, that you should obey your Prince the less, for your Prince obeying Heaven more; and why are we *Whiggs* become Loyal, because Loyalty and Conscience have now no Disagreement?

Strange Alterations, that some Gentlemen show in the World, that in vicious and openly prophan'd Governments persecuted their Brethren, for not submitting to that same Supremacy, which they openly affront, and even in Convocation rebel against, in a Government of Virtue, Peace, and most exactly legal Administration.

Well, Gentlemen, let this be as it will, I shall not now enter into the *Arcana* of High Church Managements, *a la mode* the Convocation; as they are extremely singular, and wonderful even to Admiration, they will admit of some Observations by themselves, but I am now upon reciprocal Behaviour and national Duty, what can all this

this signific to one one another; if you will be uneasie at Governours and Laws, you must, we cannot help that, but there can be no Manner of Reason for private Grudges and Party-Quarrels now.

And upon this Head, methinks I might argue with a new and unanswerable Force for a Cessation of Feuds and ill Blood among us.

We are all now arriv'd to a Port, the Storms are over; or if they blow, they only

drive the Waves againſt the Shores, the Ship's in the Harbour, and the Voyage is made; to raise Tempeſts now is ſhowing the Temper with no Expectations of Success; 'tis doing the Mifchief, without ſo much as a Design to anſwer the End; 'tis attempting nothing at all, designing nothing at all and expecting nothing at all; 'tis a *Fe ne ſçay Quoy* of Folly, a ſomething ſo ridiculous, that I want a Name for it — But I ſhall ſay a little more to it in my next.

MISCELLANEA.

I ſhould not have troubled the World with anſwering any little Questions in this *Miſcellanea*, but what had related to publick Affairs, had not one Gentleman took the Pains to write to me a very ſerious Letter at this great Diftance, for Directions what to do with a bad Wife?

'Tis an odd Story, that a Man ſhould go ſo far a Field for a Doctor to cure a Diſtemper, that has ſo many preſcrib'd Remedies at Home.

I forbear to print the Gentleman's Letter, because it points a little at Particulars — But I perceive one thing here, that this Gentleman foreſeeing, I ſhould be very apt to preſcribe the old true and ſeldom failing Remedy, *Viz.* To mend himſelf, and be ſure to be a good Husband; he takes care to tell me by Way of Anticipation, that he is a very good Husband, a very kind Husband, and the like.

Indeed, indeed, Sir, ſhe is a very bad Wife, that a kind good Husband cannot reclaim; and if I were fully auſtr'd of that Part, I ſhould be apt to pronounce her among the Incurables: But really, Sir, there are ſuch Abundance of good Wives call'd bad ones, or made bad Ones by bad Husbands, that I am wonderfull backward to believe a Woman a bad Wife from the Mouth of a Husband, that has not as good Testification of his Difcretion, as of his good Nature.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, I beſeech you, make no Complaints of your Wives, without preſcribing particularly the Complaint

to the Crime; if ſhe be a Whore, a Drunkard, a Scold, a Slut, there is ſomething to be ſaid, and either Law, Gospel, or the Cuftom of the Country will furniſh a Body with ſomething to ſay to you.

But a bad Wife is ſuch a General, ſuch an Indefinite, who can ſay what is the Cure; Generals therefore muſt be anſwer'd with Generals — Is ſhe a bad Wife, Sir? Mend her, Husband — I am not, nor believe never ſhall be perwaded, but the Amendment of the one will rectifie the other — She muſt be a mere She-Devil, that a very good Husband cannot reclaim — But I ſhall be always free to ſay, we cry out upon our Wives Faults, generally before we mend our own.

But this Gentleman's Wife, it ſeems, will ruin him by her Extravagance; this I confeſs is hard — But the Anſwer is ſhort — Allow all things needful, and all things ſuitable, and then in mere Kindnes to her reſtrain her — But do it gently, and with Kindnes and Tenderness — And ſhe cannot be ſo foolish, as not to conſider, her own Ruine and Yours go together.

But here comes in another Scruple on my ſide again, ſhe is SO extravagant; this Word SO is liable to SO many Exceptions, that I am ſtill an Objecor, who is Judge of it — Are not you too narrow to her? Do not you call Decency, Extravagance, and Necessaries expensive — A tovetous Humour in a Husband calls a very moderate Wife extravagant; and here ſuch a general City-Miſchief appears, and the Sex ſuffers

" and tho' I have been in very little Char-
" ty with tho' rest of your *Reviews*, I shall
" be on the better Terms with you here-
" after.

Et eris mibi magnus Apollo.

Here are, say they, in the North, a Hand-
le of Questions, that is, a Handful, or in-
English, a great many for one Man to ask,
and yet more for one poor Body to answer.
—And dear Sir, what have I ever wrote,
said or done to be taken for a Fortune-teller?
—I'll pretend to foretell a thing, as they
call it, after it come to pass, as well as an-
other Body; and I know as much of these
things, as any Man in Britain that knows no
more of them than I —But as to Sooth-say-
ing, you must go to your old Friend Gad-
bury, *Wm. Lilly*, poor *Robin*, the sage *Mr. Partridge*, or the *Millar Almanack* made
in *Grubstreet*, and such like unborn Doctors;
for my part I never pretended to Witchcraft
nor Wizard neither — However, since this
Enquirer says, he will be so much oblig'd by
it, I shall endeavour to turn this Part of
this Paper upon these Subjects, and satisfie
the People, as much as my Judgment and
the Distance of the Place, I am fix'd in,
will allow.

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